

Whose Life

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Summary: Decisions can be extremely simple, yet at other times they can be very difficult. Decisions can have barely an affect on the people around you, other times they can rip the very fabric of people including yourself. But the decision I was given today is the easiest one I've ever had to make.

Whose Life

There are times in your life where you have to think about what's best for your team. Times where you have to think about what's best for you. Best for your family. But there are some decisions where you are able to answer just as fast as the question is given to you. Others, not so much. But the question I was asked today was the easiest question I have ever had to answer.

OoOoOoOoO

I looked through the glass that separated Raph and I. We were both bound to metal tables, and escaping wasn't an option. It couldn't be. Metal bracelets bound us to the table around our wrists, ankles, and even waist.

He looked at me, his eyes glassy, his wrists and ankles bleeding. He had a scowl on his face. Normal Raphael. His side was bleeding heavily, and he had a concussion. That much was clear.

"I'll get us outta here!" He growled.

I shook my head. "Raphael, we both can't move and you know that. There's nothing we can do."

"There's always somethin' we can do! I-I just don't know what it is yet!" Raph yelled.

I took in a deep breath, but gasped as a flash of white hot pain entered from my side. Oh yeah, I forgot, they stabbed me in my left

side. So was Raphael. And the culprit was none other than Bishop himself.

He was a man of science, just as Baxter Stockman was. Well, I don't know if I should say \_was \_considering that man always has a way of coming back to life. But I know he'd rather die than keep being brought back to life. I don't blame him. He has no family left, so what would be the point?

"You're hurt." Raphael said. Shell! I was trying to hide that! Oh well. The cat's out of the bag now.

"It's not that bad." I say in a shaky breath. Damn me for sounding so weak.

"Not that bad?! You've been dyin' for God knows how long, and you dare to tell me that it's not that bad?! Oh, when I get outta here I'm gonna pound yer shell in!" He growls dangerously, but he doesn't scare me. He never did. He was the protector of the family, and if any of us were injured and didn't tell him, he'd show his soft side a tad bit more than his façade of anger.

"I'm not dying, Raphael," I say weakly as I look to his bleeding side. "Besides, look at your side."

He growled lowly. "I could care less about my damn side, yer dyin'. Why I outta-

But he was cut off as a voltage of electricity coursed through the both of us. We both yelled out in a roar of pain. And that's when Bishop entered \_my \_room. I growled as I kept on eye close tightly in pain.

"What do you want, Bishop?"

He smirked, his sunglasses reflecting light from the overhead light that hung above me. "I have a proposition for you. A decision. A question."

"Which is?" I asked as my throat tightened. Shell, at this point I wasn't afraid to admit that I was in pain. I was hurting pretty bad. But so was Raphael.

He smirked as he turned his back from me, turning to look at Raphael from behind the glass. I hadn't realized he had turned off the glass's clarity from Raph's side, as well as he had turned off the volume of my room. He was basically in a dark, silent tomb.

"We both know some questions are hard to make, others not so much," He turned his head towards me, but kept his body in Raph's direction. "Wouldn't you agree?" He asked me.

I nodded. "I do agree."

He smirked lightly. "Care to tell me your hardest decision ever to make?"

That was a tough question. The hardest decision I've ever had to make? There were certainly a lot of them. But there was one that stood out quite a bit. "When Donatello had his second mutation and we

thought about bringing him to you." I answered.

Yes, Donatello had once been through a second mutation. He turned into some monstrosity that had no memory of us, his family. He tried to attack us at any chance he had. Even Mikey. Mikey had been trying to give Donnie some breakfast, but Donatello gripped Mikey by the leg and tried to hurt him. Leatherhead couldn't make an antidote for Donnie, so our only option was to bring him to Bishop, but we had no idea if we could trust him.

"\_I don't know guys," I said. "Isn't that a bitâ€|risky?" \_

"\_Do you have any other ideas?" Raphael had asked me. \_

\_I had sighed. "No, I guess I don't."\_

\_Mikey put a hand on my shoulder. "It's for the best." \_

Bishop smirked at me. "Excellent choice."

"We had no idea if we could trust you, yet we still leant our brother into your hands, trusting that you wouldn't try to hurt us or him. But it was a risk I was willing to take." I growled.

Bishop continued with his little sneer and turned his body completely towards me. "And the easiest decision?"

"Anything that involves saving my family." I quickly answered, but was soon to regret.

Bishop walked up to me and examined my penetrated side. "So if I asked the question Donatello or Michelangelo, who would you pick?"

My breathing hitched. I never thought about that. Then again, I couldn't see them right now either. Bishop couldn't help but laugh diabolically when he noticed my lack of answer. "That's what I thought."

I begin to think a bit harder. "Helping my brother when he had needed it most." Yes, there was a time, not too long ago, when Michelangelo had been going through a tough time. A huge tough time. One I shan't soon forget.

\_I heard a small knock at my door. I looked up from the book I had been reading. "Come in." I said gently. I was a bit surprised to see my orange clad brother on the other side. He came in slowly, his head hung down, and he shut the door quietly. \_

\_There was something off about him though. "Mikey, are you ok?"\_

"\_I didn't mean to."\_

\_The voice was so small. The voice was so quiet. The voice was so shaky. Soâ€|not like Mikey. I closed my book, not even bothering to place a book mark in. "What didn't you mean to do?" I asked as I rose from my bed and slowly made my way towards my upset baby brother.\_

\_He turned away from my gently, and I caught a glimpse of his eyes.

His normally bright, ice, baby blue eyes were dull, and glassy with tears. His eyes also were bloodshot as if he had been crying. His orange bandana was wet with what I had assumed to be tears. \_

"\_I'm sorry." He sobbed gently. My brown eyes widened in concern as I enveloped the smaller turtle in my arms.\_

"\_Sh, baby brother. What didn't you mean to do?" I shushed. \_

"\_I-It felt so good." He whimpered.\_

"\_What did?" I was truly horrified. What didn't he mean to do that felt good? But also made him cry? \_

"\_I'm so sorry. B-But I wanna do it again." He sobbed into the crook of my neck.\_

"\_Mikey, I need you to answer me, ok? What did you do?" I asked gently. After a while he broke the hug hesitantly. Slowly, he brought his arms down, flipping them upward so his palms could be seen.\_

\_I gasped.\_

\_Red markings, scars, and blood droplets could be seen. The movement made by his arms slightly stretched one of the fresh cuts and caused the wound to open once more, tiny drops of blood emerging from his skin. \_

"\_Mikeyâ€¦d-did youâ€¦do this to yourself?" I asked in surprise. When he nodded I pulled him into the tightest hug I could possibly muster. "Baby brother, why?"\_

\_Mikey sniffed. "Iâ€¦I just felt so aâ€¦so aloneâ€¦a-and Raph won't stop calling me n-names, a-and Iâ€¦I just couldn't take it!" Mikey sobbed loudly. \_

\_I sighed, and I began to rub his shell. "Mikey, I'm going to talk to Raph about this, understand? At least he has to know about this, if not Splinter." \_

"\_D-D-Don't tell Father, p-p-please." Mikey begged. \_

\_I sighed. "I won't Mikey, but I am going to tell Don and Raph. They need to know about this."\_

I had had to choose whether to tell Father or not. I decided not to. Well, as long as he didn't do it again, which so far he hadn't.

"So, I can see that you agree, Leonardo, that decisions can be both very simple, or very complicated."

I groaned quietly in pain. "Yes, decisions can be one of the most powerful things on this Earth. It can have no effect at all, or it could rip the very fabric of a being, or multiple at that."

"I have a decision for you, Leonardo. One that you may find very simple, or very difficult."

"Which is?" I asked in anticipation.

He smiled evilly at me, his eyes glaring at me from behind his sunglasses. "Whose life?"

I looked at him in shock. "Excuse me?"

"Whose life do you wish to have taken away from this Earth? Yours or Raphael's?"

"Mine," I answer quickly. "I'd rather die before my brothers do for me."

Bishop smiled at me. It wasn't a nice, heartwarming smile, but cold and dead. "So would you say that is a hard decision or an easy one?"

I growled. "Easy."

"So what is the easiest decision you've ever had to make again?"

I look him dead in the eyes. "This has been the easiest decision I've ever had to make in my life. As long as Raphael and the others are freed."

"And they shall be so," Bishop told me as he left a pencil and paper on a nearby table. He pulled a lever on a machine that was behind the table I was bound to. The bindings opened and I was free. I didn't bother trying to fight him. My katanas had been stripped off of my person as well as it hurt to walk due to my pierced side. "You are allowed to right whatever you wish on the paper. Your will, your final goodbyes, doodle something if you wish, but do know, words are inferior to the decisions we make. You could say that you love someone, but you go and betray them. That was your decision to betray them. The words we speak and write are inferior to the decisions we make."

The door opened and Bishop left, the door closing as soon as he did. I sighed and looked to the window. Raph still couldn't see or hear me, but I could see and hear him. It was agonizing. He was yelling and screaming and trying his hardest to break the binds around his wrists, ankles, and waist.

"Leo! Leo, can you hear me?!"

"Leo, are you being hurt anymore?!"

"Let me out! I've gotta help my big brotha'!"

Oh, it was so agonizing to hear him scream and yell like that! I sighed as I looked to the paper and pencil Bishop had left for me. He was correct about one thing. Words were inferior compared to decisions, but wasn't everything?

I pick up the pencil anyways and begin to write.

\_Dear Family, \_

\_I understand that I have little time. It was either Raphael or me. By this time, it is quite obvious of what my decision is. And as I write this, Raphael's agonizing screams can be heard ringing in my ears due to the fact that he cannot see me. I can see him. I can see

you, little brother. \_

\_Father, you've been there for me my entire life. I'm very grateful that you have taught me the ways of the ninja. I'd rather die in honor than without. You've taught me those ways. The ways of a true ninja. But there is more to life than being a ninja, like being an excellent older brother and son. I hope my departure does not make you too sad. I love you, Father. I always have. Father, I give you any photos, and albums I have. They all belong to you now.\_

\_Raphael, my stubborn, hotheaded brother. My best friend. We've been through it all, haven't we? Fifteen years isn't too long, but hopefully long enough to leave an imprint in the family. I can see you from here. The clarity of the window has only been fogged up on your side, but I can see you just fine. I can hear you just fine, too. You've always had a set of pipes, haven't ya? Raph, I just want to say, no matter how much we fight, I love you, bro. So so much. And from the way you're yelling, I mustn't be too much of a pain in the shell. And, uh, don't blame yourself about this. It's not your fault. I chose to do this. I want you to live a long happy life. I love you, bro. I really do. Raphael, I give you my shell-cell. There may be some songs and pictures on there that may interest you.\_

\_Donnie, you Brainiac, at least try to get some sleep! You can't keep living off of coffee for the rest of your life. You need to rest at some point. Man, Don, your intelligence has no limit, and your looks won't stop you from inventing great things in the future. Things that will help the world. I mean, we all should know. We did go to 2105 for a while. And don't forget to eat as well! I know you forget to do that, too, when you're engrossed with your work. At least try to remember. I love you, bro. I wish this wasn't the end, but I haven't much of a choice right now. Donatello, though I feel I resent giving you this, I give you my books and laptop. \_

\_Mikey, keep your innocence. Please stay innocent. Keep your naivety. Your naïve nature isn't one that makes you ignorant. I honor you for your innocence. For not getting plenty of jokes the guys and I made, for never wanting to kill your enemies, even when they hurt tons of people. Keep drawing, sketching, and painting. You're awful good at it. You live up to your name, little brother. Oh, and about that thing you came to me for, you better never do it again. Do you hear me? It's not worth it. You're amazing. I swear if I see you right after you see this note, I'll beat you back down to Earth. I love you, Mikey. Never forget that. Michelangelo, I give you my comic books. All of them. They're yours now.\_

\_I love you all. I'll miss you guys. But until I see you in the next life,\_

\_Goodbye ~ Leonardo \_

I looked at my finished letter. Did it have everything I wanted to say? Shell no. There was so much more I'd like to write, but I had run out of writing space, so I had to cut my letter short.

I looked to the machine that stood behind the lab table that I had previously lied on. I could see the lever that had undone my bindings. Had it really been \_that\_ close? I growled internally, but soon winced, instinctively throwing my hand up to press on my side.

When I brought my hand down I noticed that blood soaked my green hand.

My eyes widened gently. I already knew I wasn't going to make it. The laceration in my side was too great. But if Raph got home soon, he might be able to make it.

Then Raphael's screaming stopped.

I looked back to the glass. He was breathing a sigh of relief. "Leo, are you ok? Did he hurt you anymore?"

I smiled sadly up to him and walked towards the glass, placing my hand against it. "I'm not hurt anymore, Raphael."

"He let you free?! Are we going back home?!" He asked, hope very evident in his voice.

My sad smile faltered into a sad grimace. "No, Raph. You're going home. You and Mikey and Donnie. I'm not going anywhere."

Raph's face turned into one of confusion. "Leo, what a'ya talkin' about? We're all goin' home. All together. If you're not coming with us, where are ya goin'?" He asked.

I sighed sadly, my touch on the glass wavering. "I was given a decision, Raphael. The easiest decision I've ever been given," I look into his amber eyes. "Whose life?"

Raph took a minute to process what I said before shaking his head gently. "No, you ain't dyin'."

My eyes soften as I place my forehead against the glass. "I wouldn't make it anyways, Raph, and you know this," I sigh. "I'm just sorry my time with you guys is being cut short."

Then it gets painful to watch and listen. He struggles against the binds that kept him restricted to the table. "You ain't dyin'! I won't let you!" He struggled against the metal fastenings. I growled at my pragmatic younger brother.

"Raphael!" I shouted. That shut him right up. I closed my eyes tightly. "I know you don't want this to happen. Do you think I want this to happen? Because I don't!" I sighed, my eyes staying closed. "But there's nothing we can do about this. I already chose, and there's nothing we can do about it."

Raph snarled lowly. "You shouldn't have done that, Leo. You should have spared yourself." He said as he continued to try and break through the restraints.

I was about to say something, but I felt electricity course through my body. I roared in pain. I heard Raphael yell my name, but I couldn't respond. Everything hurt. Then an explosion of pain through my back and into my stomach. I looked down only to find a katana piercing through my abdomen.

My katana.

"Leo!" Raph said in shock.

I smile painfully as blood dribbles from my mouth.  
"D-Don'tâ€|cryâ€|R-R-Raph. E-Everything will beâ€|" But I can't  
finish as a bullet is sent through my head. And I hear one last thing  
before the world goes dark.

"Leonardo!"

\*\*I know the ending was terrible. Sorry. Did you like it, love it,  
hate it? Let me know. Your opinion matters. :)\*\*

End  
file.